WOMAN'S RULE IN GERMANY

COUNTESS WALDERSEE AT THE HELM-THE DANTON MONUMENT.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] Paris, September 21. I don't see why the Empress Frederick, as a candidate for the Regency in her husband's lifetime, should have been so fought against by her son on the score that, being a woman, she could not be Captain-General of the Imperial Army as well as Regent. "The Countess Waldersee is so much commander-in-chief that she can toss out general officers filling the highest posts." So writes to me a friend at Berlin. The disgrace of General Strehle is a proof that woman is the strongest power in the most martial city in the world. Strehle was at the head of the Prussian Engineers' Corps, Inspector-General of Forts and Fortresses and Director of the German Woolwich. In the old Emperor's time his position was thought solid as a rock. But from the time the young Emperor and Empress and the Waldersees came to the throne it was thought shaky, and this idea the General so strongly entertained himself that he resigned to escape being turned out.

I wonder whether Queen Victoria had any presentiment in 1870, when she was influencing the Foreign Office in behalf of her beloved Germany, that it was not her own first-born child, but a smart daughter of Brother Jonathan, who was to benefit by her efforts? The reign of the Waldersees is another example of the folly of working too exclusively for the benefit of one's own family. For my part, I don't see the harm of the smart Countess's getting the better of Saxe-Coburgs and Schleswig-Holsteins There seems to me to be in her brilliant success an example of that distributive justice which is taught in the parable of

The Regency bill was hurried last week through the Parliament of the Netherlands, and a clause was added to it by virtue of which it can take effect at once. Should the King die to-morrow or the day after, Queen Emma will be ravested with regal authority, which she may exercise for nine years. The probabilities are that the heiress to the crown will have a precociously developed mind, and be the victim of some sort of neurosis. She is, I hear from a Dutch lady who is trying to find a governess for her, a sweet child, morbidly sensitive, graceful as she can be and too good to live. This poor, pale little winter rose is wanting in vitality, as are almost all children of old sinners. It is appalling to think how hereditary passions may ravage her frail organization. All the blood in her body keeps in her nerve centres. Given the venerable age of the King of the Netherlands when he married a second time, and the fast life he led from the time he had to give up Malibran until he got rid of Emilie Ambre, the heiress to the crown of the Netherlands was bound to inherit a bad constitution, and to be the victim of a neurosis of some sort. According to the news received this evening, King William was not expected to live into next week. He has long been afflicted with gouty rheumatism, the disease of which the Emperor Napoleon died. The Queen will be assisted by a Council of Regency. Baron Mackaye, a kinsman of Lord Reny, will be one of those to whom she is to look for assistance. The Princess Waldemar of Denmark is coming

on a visit to her parents, the Prince and Princess de Joinville, at their seat of St. Firmin, in the forest of Chantilly. I dare say she wants to get the Orleanists in the Chamber to "wire-pull" in behalf of her husband, so that he will not be opposed by France when Prince Ferdinand has to quit Bulgaria to let Waldemar take his place. The Czarina went to Gmunden to try to persuade the Duke of Cumberland to accept the throne of Bulgaria, and if she did not succeed in that, to convey to the Imperial family of Austria the intimation that her brother Waldemar would meet, in the place of Ferdinand, with the support

both of Germany and Russia. So long as the Princess Clementine lives, I suspect that she will be too many for the backers of Waldemar. She is a very brave, quick-brained and impressionable old lady, and knows that secretly Germany would not like to see a son of the King of Denmark Prince of Bulgaria. Austria does not conceal her dislike of the plan the Czarina mooted. This emboldens the Princess Clementine to go on conquering and to conquer the affections of the Bulgarians. The last move of hers was to quit Vienna for is going on a second tour round her son's princi-

M. Floquet recoils from going to take part next Sunday at Arcis-sur-Aube in the ceremony. of unveiling Danton's statue. He is sending in his stead M. Lockroy. As Danton is held responsible for some of the worst excesses of the Revolution by most anti-Republicans, and as he certainly did not countenance rose-water daintiness as to means, the Premier is of opinion that he should not himself appear as a enlogist, and that at a time when the kings and emperors of Europe are taking council against the French Republic. M. Floquet, when in opposition, was a Dantonist. But that is a good while ago; and he is now rich, fills a brilliant position and is the head of a Government which is on terms of official friendliness with all the monarchies of the world, and is on excellent terms with those of the Czar, the Regent of Spain, the King of the Hellenes and the Sultan. I don't think that the Prime Minister is deterred from going to the unveiling of the statue by the Marquis de Flers's recital of what Louis Philippe told him of a conversation that he himself had with the arch-revolutionist, whom Gambetta in his early and greatest phase of public life was wont to copy, especially in his "Boldness; again boldness, and boldness always!" It seems probable enough that Danton did not see to how far the Revolution was going to take him, and that he had no idea, before the sovereigns of Europe coalesced against France, that a King's head would be thrown at them in defiance. According to the Marquis de Flers, Louis Philippe, then Duc de Chartres, saw Danton in 1792. The revolutionist said to him: "Don't you compromise yourself in this Revolutionary hurly-burly. It can't last But the ancient monarchy can't be restored. It's you, young man, you, a prince of the blood royal, with a mind filled with modern ideas, who will wear the crown. Mark my words." Louis Philippe did mark them so well that he never forgot them and that in the reigns of Louis XVIII and of Charles X (subsequent to Waterloo he was ever ambitious to climb to the regal estate. Danton was to him, I fancy, as the witches were to Macbeth.

But to return to 1702, the Citizen Egalite Junior ran off to Switzerland and thence to England, whence he was sent as a British agent to Palermo, where the Royal family of Naples were refugees. During his stay in London he made the acquaintance of the daughters of George III., and was as good as married (or as bad) to the Princess Elizabeth afterward Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg. At Palermo he regretted his entanglements with her, but confessed them to the Princess Marie Amelie, for whom he preposed, and as she did not mind them, he married her. E C.

CARL DUNDER SOON TIRES OF POLITICS.

From The Detroit Free Press.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" queried Serseant Bendall, as Carl Dunder limped into the station-house the other day and flung himself down on the searest chair.

liar, und now you take dot on der nose! Und he gifs me sooch a thump dot I see more ash feefty stars flying around!. How does it come dot some Americans can work dot dodge und be all right?"

can work dot dodge und be all right?"

"Well?"

"Vhell, I told you der odder day dot I promise more ash feefty men dot dey shall be engineer of der City Hall if they wote for me. In comes a man in my place mit his hat on his ear und says whas I Carl Dunder! I whas. Vhas you going to run for some Aldermans? I whas. Did you promise all my crowd dot cach one of us should run der engines mit the City Hall? I did. Den, Sergeant, he gifs me sooch a blow on my mouth dot I can't eat meat for seex months, und when he goes awhay he says dot fortynine more fellers was to come after him. Some American candidates can promise dot shop to one hoonered fellers und be all right. How whas she?"

"I don't know."

"Und pooty queek a feller comes in my place und says whas I dot oldt Dutchmans who whants to be an Alderman? I whas. If I whas elected he shall get all der paving shobs und make lots of money. He calls me a liar und says I promise dot same thing more as two hoonered times, und he mops me on my floor und goes awhay like a lark. If I whas some American candidate he whas all peaches. How whas she!"

"I don't know."

American candidate he vhas all peaches. How vhas she?"

"I don't know."

"Vhell, eafery day somepody comes and calls me a liar und says I should be kicked. Eafery day comes some feller mit his hat on his ear and charges me mit holding him oop for a sucker. My boy Shake vhas scart avhay, my wife vhas sick abed, und I haf to lock oop my place or be kilt."

"It's sad lines," mused the sergeant.

"Und so I guess I shall go back to Shermany. In that country I vhas all right. If a man spreckens to me in Dutch I know what he vhas. If he shpeaks to me in Yankee maybe he makes a fool of me. I like to go by dot Common Council und be a great man, but I can't stand sooch a racket. I vhas a good enough liar, but I leaf something else out all der while und der dear peoples tumbles to me. Farewell, sergeant. You vhas always two times allie, und I shall feel good by you vhen I am far avhay. If you meet some odder Dutchmans shust shpeak mit him und tell him to keep out of dose politics."

THE COW ENJOYED MR. GAY'S PAINTING.

AN ARTIST'S EXPERIENCE WITH AN ADMIRING AYRSHIRE.

Edward Gay is an artist of some note who lives in Mount Vernon, and he is highly esteemed for his thoroughness of system, his entertaining and merry disposition, and his capability for telling a good story. His specialty in painting is landscape, but if one should ask him his opinion of pastoral studies a seowl would steal over his face for a moment to be followed by a smile and an acknowledgment that

Mr. Gay a few days ago took up his easel, a piec of canvas stretched upon a frame, a palette, his brushes and oils and went to a large and beautiful meadow not 300 feet from his house and took up position under a large apple tree. He had sketched the outline of the pretty picture before him, had put on the groundwork and had brushed in a part of the grass on his canvas when luncheon time came. sky was cloudless, hence there was no fear of a tornado and as it was too late in the year for a thunder storm he concluded that his apparatus would be safe enough where they were, but it was a luckless conclusion. When he returned from luncheon a great Ayrshire cow stood under the tree with both feet planted on the canvas. She had licked off all of the paint representing the green meadow, had chewed the leather-seated stool, and was about swallowing a long leather strap with which Mr tempted to protest against this wanton assumption of a strange cow she became belilgerent. A friend asked Mr. Gay if his painting of the meadow was so natural that the cow m stook if for green grass?

"Well, I learned that the cow had belonged to an Irishman," he replied laughingly, "and was brought up from a calf on the things thrown out from the house. In fact I came to the conclusion that she would cat almost anything."

AN OLD SAILOR.

A BATTERY SCENE.

"Can't a feller wait for his ship?" said a man with red eyes and seedy clothes, as he steaded himself against one of the stone posts on the sea-wall along the Battery. He addressed a policeman who was watching him closely. "Can't he wait till his ship is ready to pull out?" "Yes," said the officer in a tone as if it depended

on circumstances. 'Can't he linger where the waves dash high, till the tide is right to h'ist his ship over the breakwater?
"Yes, if he's quiet about it."

"Can't the captain of a big eight-mast ship with two bow-sticks on her rest in your park till they send the starboard schooner to take him off to

"You are a captain of a vessel, then?" "Yesser, that's it. See her tied up over there toward that 'ere big statute. See the masts on her, and the fo'castle sticking up 'n the air like a church steeple? That's my ship. I'm goin' on t' her jess as soon as they come to take me at in the bulkhead. Lemmy rest in your park till they wal up here to this stone side-walk with the for ard 'ulkhead."

'All right ;-but you must'nt holler." "Nary yell-'taint the way of seafarin' men. I've follered the sea for forty years, podner. As soon a they row me out in the lighter we will weigh the anchor, and if she seems to be 'bout' the right heft we'll sail away to Greenland's ley mount'ins and India's coral sands. We'll h'ist the rest of the masts and sail away past Coney Island and Cuby and all them places while the stormy petrel and the albacrossers and flyin' fish dash around us. Ev'ry morn ing, podner, we'll weigh the anchor to see if it's gain

asked the officer.

"I've trod the deck for forty years. Give me wet sheet and a flowin' sea and a wind that follers fast, and if the rest of the bed clothes are moderately dry and the piller comfortable and there aint no mu keeters, I can sleep till breakfast ready every time. I remember once when I w sailing my good ship off the coast of Giberalter with the tropics all around us, picking at us and looking cross, and one day there come by one of them bliz gards, which is the terror of the hardy navigator in zards, which is the terror of the hardy navigator in those regions where they have the equator and all such things. 'Roll up them sails behind there!' says I in thunderin' tones. 'Splice the main-top royal-gallant rope; fold up the mizzen spanker and put it in the closet; pull in the main-mast 'fore it gots wet, furl the barometer, box up the compass and heave overhoard the log and lighten the ship a little; lower the hold down the hatchways before——.'

"Come, that will do—move on!"

"In jess a minute I was standin' by the larboard side and then I walls over to port, and——."

"Move on!"

"——Then I goes along for ard of the flyin' jibboom, and——."

A SUGGESTIVE EXPLANATION.

From The Merchant Traveller.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked one of the neighbor's boys, as his companion came out of the alloy gate. "Ain't finished your dinner a'ready, have

ye?"
"Nop."
"Didn't ye get any?"
"Pep; but I didn't stay to finish it."
"What made ye leave so soon?"
"Well, I said something at the table, and every-body but pa laughed."

CURIOUS PHASE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

CUMOUS PHASE OF WOSLAS SUPPLACE.

Arlo Bates, in The Providence Sunday Journal.

The registration (of female voters in Boston, for the municipal school-board elections) is going on merrity; and the Catholic women are outnumbering the others in a manner which anti-suffragists cannot but find amusing.

I met yesterday Mrs. A., who has just brought her rather extensive corps of servants back from the seasoner.

"I had to come back earlier than usual," she said, The Catholic vote?" I repeated. "I do not "The Catholic voter" I repeated. "I do not understand."

"Well," she responded, "it is at my own expense, but the joke is too good to keep. You see, I went and registered. I didn't care much about it, but I was here and I was visited and personally labored with, you see. Really, I was given to understand that the religious liberty of the country depended upon my registering, and practically told that if I shirked my duty I might expect to see familiars of the Inquisition going about Boston streets. Of course, I couldn't take so much responsibility, and I went and registered."

But I don't see how that increased the Catholic vote. I said.

"Oh." Mis. A., returned with a grimace, "that is the joke. The authorities who keep run of those things found out that my name was on the list and they made a descent on my servants and told them they must register because I did. They gathered in the cook and the chambermald and the second girl. Only three to one."

CLEVELAND AND HILL.

FACTS FOR INDEPENDENTS TO CONSIDER.

RELATING TO THE MEASURE OF THE PRESI-DENT'S PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE GOVERNOR'S PRESENT CANDIDACY.

There are a great many people in this State, I be lieve, who, unfamiliar with the methods of managing politicians, are in doubt as to the measure of Pres-ident Cleveland's responsibility for the renomination of David B. Hill. The class of voters to which I re fer is made up of Democrats and Independents. have been disposed, and in most instances probably are still disposed, to think well of Mr. Cleveland That is, without conceiving him to be a man of much intellectual strength, they are disposed to believe in the sincerity and honesty of his opinions, in the integrity of his motives and, generally speaking, in the excellence of his methods. In other words they think, or are inclined to think, him a man of good purposes and resolute in the carrying out of the At the same time, regardless of the Hill business. they have steadily grown weaker in this faith for the past three years. They acknowledge that he has abandoned the reform of the Civil Service, upon which issue many of them gave him their They concede at least half of what I should claim, and admit that he has completely reorganized the but in payment of partisan service and in obedience to partisan demand. They admit, too, that no check is put upon the political labors of office-holders and that they are blackmailed and coerced in the interest of Democratic success. In the general policy of Mr. Cleveland's Administration they find little to condemn and little to admire. As to such issues as the fisheries question they have only scant inforeation, though, other things being equal, they would stand by the President on all the minor points of partisan controversy. Their attitude toward the tariff is rather mixed. If they were to attempt to escribe it they would probably express approval of the policy of protection, qualifying that sentiment, however, with the opinion that the tariff laws need evision and simplification. They would not express any satisfaction at the Democratic free-trade tender cy, but they are inclined to belittle it. At all events one of the class I speak of would vote against Cleveland because of the Mills bill, and to many of them "tariff reform" has an attractive sound. This, I believe, is a fair description of the mental

condition of many conscientious voters up to a certain point. Their predilection up to that point is in favor of Cleveland. But they estimate Hill at his exact value. They consider him a disgrace to the State, a bad, low, cunning politician who has neither char acter nor ability to commend him. They him the avowed representative of all those elements most hurtful to our system o self-government. They are disgusted with the Democratic party for renominating Hill, and logically argue that its organization must be bad to commit offence of putting him forward after his theft of that \$10,000 and his shameless truckling to the saloons have been proved. And the vital questions with them now are these: Was it with Mr. Cleveland's consent that Hill was renominated? Could be have prevented that action had he chosen or dared to do o? Is he willing to profit by Hill's rum following Are they comrades and friends? I should not like to hazard a guess as to how large

the class of voters is whose ballots depend upon the answers given to these questions between now and November, but it must be very I think I can count at least a bundred Democrats and semi-Democrats among my ow acquaintances who have said that if they believed any responsibility attached to Cleveland for Hill's renomination they should vote for Mr. Harrison. curse it would not be possible mathematically to demonstrate the truth. But reasonable men mus draw conclusions from reasonable evidence. must weigh the facts on both sides and render their verdict upon the preponderance of evidence. proposed here to present this evidence in a careful and candid way, and all that is asked is a consci-

It may be admitted at the very outset that ther is no love lost between President Cleveland and Governor Hill. Their natures are antagonistic Cleveland's tendencies are direct. a thing. This must not be taken as conceding his sincerity. It does not follow because a man goes about a given undertaking in a straightforward way that he is honest in his motive. He may act for policy's sake, in the hope of gaining applause and votes, and yet he may act with great lectness and vigor. Cleveland, whatever his motive, is usually direct in method. Hill is essentially tricky.

Then, too, in the past their interests have been conflicting. When Cleveland wrote his letter to George William Curtis, promising to establish Civil Service Reform, I believe he meant to keep his word. He, doubtless felt a large measure of virtue at that had been a sheriff. He had been a dissipated man, too, given over to the free and frequent gratification of his lowest appetites. But possessing uncommon self-control, and aided by a series of lucky combina tions, he had risen to be the Mayor of a great city, the Governor of the Empire State, and he was at lathe chosen one of sixty millions, holding a larger authority than half the kings of Europe. It is true that, strictly speaking, he, Grover Cleveland, a particular identity, had never been elected to any of the offices. The accurate way of putting it is to say that the other candidate had been beaten. The 200,000 majority by which he became Governor was not given to him. It was given against the forged proxy. majority by which he obtained the Presidency was not given to him. It was given against the "Rum, Romanand Rebellion" phrase, or against the Delmonic dinner, or against the Mulligan letters, if you like But, at all events, he had profited by those combinations of cfreumstances, and from a sheriff and a debauchee he had become the President of the United States, and he now ranked with the mightiest of the earth. If ever man had reason to turn his back on his bad nature and to give himself completely to the good that was in him, was Grover Cleveland in that supreme moment of

his wonderful career! And I take it that he thought thoughts of this kind and that he went to Washington full of good nurposes, well fixed in a rather resolute nature. For a too, he seemed to be making an honest effort to realize these ends, but he soon found that to persist in this course would leave him without a single friend in either house who was worth the having. He found that he must either abandon all hope of signalizing his Administration by legislative acts which to him seemed vital, or he must make friends with his party in Congress. A President without a party behind him is rather a pitiful object. He finds himself balked, im-peded, frustrated at every step. He cannot get the necessary appropriations. He cannot get money for anything. His messages are disregarded, and he is almost powerless, so far as giving effect to any disnctive admiristrative work is concerned. Mr. Cleveand had been President but a short while before these facts were made clear to him. And then he began to to those things which prove that his good resolutions were not the result of deeply rooted and sincere con victions, but rather of a newly generated virtue, which and under it no substantial foundation of character.
fully appreciate the tremendous conflict he would ave had to undertake had he maintained the reform position against his party. It would have been gigantic struggle. That which distinguishes a states man of the heroic quality from the mere politician ithe sublime courage with which he enters upon just such contests. But the President faltered, and began to compromise, and that confession of weakness lost him the battle. For it showed his party in Congress that he was not a Civil Service reformer in the true sense. His first concessions found plenty of apologists, even among the reformers themselves, and that made it all the easier for him to yield again. He did not at first yield gracefully and the Democratic politicians, almost to a man, felt bitterly toward him. Miller, Mr. Ingalls, Mr. Evarts and others have told me how Democratic Senators would denounce Mr. Cleveland savagely in private, though they were quick to defend and praise him on the floor of the He had given them pretty much all they demanded, but in a churlish, disagreeable way.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" queried Sergeant Bendall, as Carl Dunder limped into the station-house the other day and fung himself down on the Searcest chair.

"Sergeant, I vhas here to bid you good-bye."

"I have just won an odd bet," a New-York caller said to the Editor the other morning.

"I what's the matter with you?" queried Sergeant, I vhas here to bid you good-bye."

"I have just won an odd bet," a New-York caller said to the Editor the other morning.

"And that was what?"

"When I was in Parls last spring I bet a friend there that I should receive a letter addressed simply with my name and America. I laid him fifty dollars to wenty on this, and twenty to fifty that it would be the Nation. He had been elected Governor by a mannant that you had cauch the morning.

"But you told me you were gold, American politics," "But you told me you were gold and the was a distribution of the post-office and there was in the New-York and the was in the New-York and the was in the New-York at the world be the Nation. He had given them pretty much all they demanded, but in a churlish, disagrecable way.

It was at this time that Hill began to show signs of an intention to impress himself on the Democracy of the Nation. He had been elected Governor by a mannant of the Nation. He had been elected Governor by a mannant of the Nation. He had been elected Governor by a mannant of the Nation. He had been elected Governor by a mannant of the Nation. He had been elected Governor by a mannant of the Nation. He had been elected Governor by a mannant of the Nation. He had given them pretty much all they demanded, but in a churlish, disagreeable way.

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hoblers to engage in active fell, as he would say, into "innocuous cultivated close personal relations with the Senators and Congressmen whom he had at first treated with something akin to suspicion, and became the real leader of the party. Perceiving, of course, since he had abandoned the issue upon which he was elected, that he must create another for this campaign so con-sequential as to draw attention from his desertion of reform, with great astuteness he sealed the union he had made with his party leaders by becoming the head of the free-trade movement. This was masterly poli-tics. In an instant it gave him absolute control of the party machine. It made him the central figure in the one enterprise which his party really desired to accomplish. It made possible the success of that enterprise, so far as his party could succeed in it, for it gave Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Mills the one weapon they had I scked wherewith to coerce the Randall faction the weapon of Presidential recognition. And it did one thing more. It forestalled the possibility of Mugwump opposition based upon his desertion of Civil Service reform, for every Mugwump organ was devoted to the free-trade cause. To every one of them, "The Boston Herald," "Harper's Weekly," "The Springfield Republican," "The New-York Times," "The Evening Post," to every one the free-trade movement was a hundred fold more important than the reform which in 1884 they had unanimously claimed to be the only vital issue before the country. Mr. Cleve-land did a great stroke of business when he ktcked over Civil Service reform and wrote his noted Free-

Trade Message.
But Mr. Hill's aspiring soul was not yet reduced to a humble condition. He had been quietly at work upon lines of his own in an attempt to capture the Democratic State Committee. In the Democratic party this central committee is a far more important body than is the committee corresponding to it in the Republican party. That is to say, by the Republican method the State Convention is made up of persons elected directly from among the party voters, and it is above, and independent of, the State Committee. The Democratic committee, however, almost absolutely controls the Democratic conventions. It is a clos machine, and by its very constitution, as well as by the rules of procedure which it has established, its grip upon the convention is as vice-like as is the grip of the local bosses in this city upon the so-called conventions which they call to register their previously arranged slates. The question was all-important, therefore, as to who controlled the Democratic State Committee. Hill perfectly understood that if he could obtain a majority there, he would be master of the situation in this State. He might not be able to secure the National delegation for himself, but he could at least divide it, and thus, by showing Cleveland's weakness in his own State, whatever latent op-position might be elsewhere would, of course, be encouraged to come out.

The Governor made a bold fight to secure a majority in the committee, and for a time, indeed, it seemed as If he were going to be successful. He tied the com-mittee, but in doing that his utmost strength had been exerted. The President had resources of patronage, and when they were thrown into the scale, Hill was routed, horse and foot. Nothing succeeds like success, you know, and when Cleveland had once obtained the majority, many of the committee who had been friendly to Hill came post haste over to the winning

The committee was organized in the President's interest, and he at once assumed full control of it. He determined to stamp out every vestige of opposition, and to make plain that he was the master. He turned his guns on Hill. He sent for W. R. Grace, Hill's long-avowed enemy, who went to Washington, received high honors from the President, and came back proclaiming his own candidacy for the Governorship. This completed Mr. Hill's discomfiture, and when the State Convention met he was a disgracefully beaten man. The President was not content with the mere triumph of an undivided delegation. He would not permit Hill to go to St. Louis at all, and completed his rival's humiliation by refusing to allow an indorsement of Hill's administration to be made in the State Convention platform!

These are facts, indisputable facts, every or them. They show that the President had Hill by the throat, and they go to the very bottom of the question of his responsibility for Hill's subsequent re-

When the St. Louis Convention had done its work and Mr. Cleveland was safely renominated, his in-terest in Hill's destruction at once ended. The Governor was in an embarrassed situation, and at that time a single word from the President would have compelled his retirement. Another man who was listening anxiously to catch that word was W. R. Grace, who, fresh from his visit to Washington, had announced himself a candidate against Hill. But the word was not spoken. Hill's half-hearted friends on the State Committee, failing to catch the sound of it, felt themselves at liberty to return to their allegiance, since it no longer conflicted with their interests. His newspaper organs clamorously demanded his vindication and whooped loudly for "harmony." long been organized into a protective association. It took only a few days to call this body together and to perfect plans for the election of delegates to the Buffalo Democratic Convention. "The Buffalo Courier" and "The Albany Argus," Mr. Cleveland's personal organs, which until now had been holding off, echo the harmony cry, and soon openly declared in Hill's favor. The liquor-men did their work effectively. Why not! There are 30,000 saloons in this State. Thirty thousand! think of it. one of them with a personal interest in Hill's success. The convention met, and not a voice was heard in apposition to Hill's renomination. The State Committee which presided over it was practically the same one that three months before had denied Hill the poor boon of a favorable notice in their party platform.

D. Cady Herrick, Mr. Cleveland's personal manager, who has hitherto been Hill's open foe, made a speech seconding his nomination, and to-day every sign of friction is removed, and the cause of Cleveland is common with the cause of Hill.

There is but one conclusion to be drawn from these facts, none of which can be disputed. It is that Mr. Cleveland, secure in his party supremacy, wants votes, harmony votes and the 30,000 saloon-keepers' votes, more than he wants the removal from our State polities of the odious and dangerous figure of David B. Hill.

DISCOURAGING RAILWAY CONVERSATION. From Judge.

"Do you remember as fur back as th' siege of itersburg, friend!" tersburg, friend?"

I sized the questioner up, got a good grip on my pocket-book and contiously answered: "I do, but I was very young at the time." Wasn't there yerself, then !"

"No."

"It's a great pity. I didn't know but what I might talk over old times with yer."

"Perhaps we can find a congenial subject," I observed, as I let my knee drop so that his hand could slide off, and moved over as close as I could to the care window. car-window.
"P'raps we kin," he said; "ever been ter Maddygasker !

Ever seen a South American dugong?" What's yer opinion on th' subjec' of th' sid-eral

astronomatics!"
"I don't know anything about them."
"Sho! Got any chewin' terbacker about yer?"

Bay, friend, where you from ?"

"Korglyackker."
"Where's that !"
"Right across the Yuggernock River from Yorsti-veriskt."

veriski."

"Rushy?"

"No: New York State."

"No: New York State."

"About ten ohms."

"He was beginning to wilt a little, and I followed up my advantage.

"I've read something about Petersburg," I said.

"Did you fight in Charlemagne's division?"

"Whose?"

"Whose!"
"Charlemagne's."
"It's so long ago I most forgit, but's near as I kin remember my gineral was named Smith."
"Was he monocolyledonously inclined, or did he favor anthropological eseterotism in his manner of conducting the campaign!"
"Look here, stranger, one or th' other of us is a nat'ral fool," he broke out, "an' I'm puffectly willin' ter take th' benefit of the doubt an' shut up. What d' yer say!" yer say?" I said, and the train rolled on.

SHE DID NOT OBIGINATE THE PINK DINNER.

SHE DID NOT ORIGINATE THE PINK DINNER.

Arlo Bates in The Providence Sunday Journal.

A well-known Eoston society woman ended her bospitalities for the summer the other night by giving a pink dinner. A lady who was present, in describing the dinner afterward to a distinguished foreign gentleman, took occasion to say:

"We have invented at least one social novelty in America in these colored parties."

The gentleman smiled.

"I once went to a dinner," he observed, "given by a Prussian Countess in a castle where her husband's family has lived almost ever since the flood. Dinner was served in a splendid old hall wainscoted and celled in carved oak, dark with age. The lights were overed with red shades and along the tables were heaped masses of red roses. All the service, even to the plates and drinking cups, was of massive antique sliver. Dinner was served up to the game course, then we were invited to take our sherbets and cigarettes in the conservatories. After this we went to finish the dinner in a beautiful renaissance room all white and gold, the table decorated with yellow roses, the service of china in white and gold, the silver curved and gilt flagree."

"Very well." the lady said meekly, "I retract my statement. The Americans never did invent anything."

THE FASHIONS.

MAN'S WINTER WARDROBE.

LITTLE CHANGE FROM LAST SUMMER'S STYLES

-YOUNG SNOBLEY'S THEORY. " Deuced unlucky weather for the tallors, hey, old man?" laughed young Snobley to his friend Do Ruyter, as they sat looking through the club window last week at the pedestrians hurrying along the avenue with their overcoat collars turned up almost to their cars. "It's worth a couple of hundred to me, though," young Snobley went on, with another cheer-ful chuckle. "Old Boulder would certainly have got me to buy a lot of fall clothes—for Indian summer, you know, or something of that kind—and then made 'em so thin I couldn't wear 'em in winter. But this time I can tell him that it's winter enough for me already and he'll have to put those fall styles away until next

"I really don't see, anyway, old man," continued the emboldened expert, after he had refreshed him-self with a little brandy and soda, "why any one who loads himself up with a lot of clothes in the spring need bother his head about these fall fashions." Snobley's season at Bar Harbor had left him rather lattened out and his thoughts were running in a strangely economical channel.

"I think I'll tell old Boulder it's nonsense springing these autumn things on us. There's nobody in town until November nowadays, and a fellow ought to have a chance once a year to wear out his old clothes, even if he is a member of the Four Hundred." "Just so, just so," responded De Ruyter, a little gloomly. He, too, had been trying to play poker on a couple of summer yacht cruises, and his thoughts

vere not lingering on the fashions. Young Snobley's theory is heretical, no doubt, but of truth in it. There is apparently little demand for distinctively fall styles and it is getting harder each year to distinguish between autumn and winter fashions. Separate spring and summer wardrobes are found to be more and more indispensable, spring becomes a fixed town season and summer an out-of-town one. But autumn is still a mongrel time of year in America, belonging neither to the country nor the town. It is, as far as fashlon goes, practi cally a cast-off season, devoted, as Snobley suggested, to the wearing out of old clothes. Most patterns in men's clothes offered by the tailors this fall are merely the regular winter wear, and the recent per-sistent run of equinoctial weather has only hastened the almost imperceptible charge from the one season's styles to the other's.

There has been no revolution in styles since the spring and summer fashion plates were printed. In fact one would have to be something of an expert to distinguish this winter's models from last winter's. The full dress suit, which rarely changes at all, will show as well as any other the measure of this year's variations. Broadcloth has been used less and for dress coats for several years, and now is barred out altogether. Fine wale diagonal worsted coatings have been substituted for it by nearly all the tailors. Some coats, however, are made of what are called "undressed worsteds," which look a good deal like finely woven cheviots. The lapels of a dress coat should be faced with silk to the edge, as usual, but the shawl shaped roll is going out of vogue and pointed lapels are coming in again. The edges of the coat are bound with a fine cord. The waistcoat is still cut in the shield shape, but a trifle less of the shirt front is made to show. Either black or white waistcoats may be worn. The white ones are now often embroidered and even tinted. All have three buttons. The trousers are still cut rather wide and have broad stripes down the outside seams. A novelty suggested this year is a bit of embroide down this stripe. But no such radical departure from the simple severity of evening dress is likely to be tolerated here. Few people like to get dress suits every year and the most daring of fashion plate makers soon finds it scarcely pays to waste his time on experiments with the conventional model of a claw-hammer. A dress suit of winter weight will cost about \$110.

In styles for day wear-half dress-the rivalry still continues between the double-breasted frock coat and the cutaway. The double-breasted frock or Prince Albert seems to be holding its own comfortably. Stout, fleshy men, who know when they have a good thing, stick to it in spite of all the ridicule cast on its ungainliness and crinoline-like qualities. Cheviots and diagonals in dark colors are used for frock coats The coat buttons close to the body and the inner faces are lined with silk as far as the buttonholes. The edges are finished with a narrow flat binding. The waistcoat scarcely shows, the coat buttoning high. Light colored striped or plaid trousers are worn with a Prince Albert. This coat is good for any morning or afternoon use, but is no more appropriate or dressy at any time than a cutaway. The Governor's courage returned. The liquor league was formed. The liquor-dealers of New-York have A frock coat suit costs from \$90 to \$100.

The three-button cutaway is perhaps the most popular of all the coats now made. It can be used for half-dress wear or for business. This difference should be insisted upon, however. The cutaway for business wear is generally made of rougher cloth and should always have flaps at the waist seams; the half dress coat never has the flaps. There is almost no change in the shape of the three-button cutaway. Some four-button coats are made now, and a onebutton one is on the plates in the shops. The materials used for cutaways this winter are worsteds, cheviots and diagonals. The coats for business wear may be made in checks and stripes as dazzling as a tennis-player's blazer, and some of the combina-tions of coats, waistcoats and trousers already turned out are likely to melt the snow along the Avenue next February. Striped, plaid or check trousers, the lighter in color the better, are to be worn with these cutaways. A cutaway suit should cost about

Sack coats for winter are cut much the same as the summer ones were, and except that the cloth is heavier, one can scarcely notice any difference. The wildest kind of patterns in plaids, stripes and checks are still in favor, and if the fashion-makers can help it, there will be few men dressed in black seen in the streets this winter. It is not at all necessary to have one's trousers match even a sack Any one piece of clothes may be worn with any other, and a wardrobe can thus be easily expanded in a sort of geometrical progression. Walstcoats are made up in all sorts of rough, light-col-ored goods, and some of the patterns are almost as daring and at the same time as dazzling as the skirts of the ballet dancers in "Nero." A waistcoat of silk mixings or fancy cassimere suitings costs from \$10 to \$15. A sack coat, with waistcoat and trousers to match, or not, can be bought for about \$70.

There is almost no change in the cutting of trousers.

For a light overcoat the Chesterfield, or fly-front sack, is the only style really in the field. This coat is rather a close fitting one, reaches nearly to the knees and rolls open in front, showing silk facings to the button-toles. The heavy sack overcoats, both single and double-breasted, will be shaped much like the Chesterfield. A few long frock overcoats are still turned out for extreme weather. They have been turned out for extreme weather. They have been largely supplanted, however, by the cape overcoats of fancy sultings. The cape has come to stray for a while, apparently, though this climate in winter is too uncertain for so heavy and cumbersome an over garment. A ringle-breasted sack overcoat is a good investment for ordinary winter use. This will cost \$70 or \$80. The bigger coats are a little more expensive, if made to order. A great majority of the cape coats one sees in the streets here are ready-made.

There are two widely different winter styles in silk hats, the English and American. The American re-tains the bell-shaped crown and the broad rolling brim. The English has a narrow, stiff brim and an almost straight crown. The London model is less graceful, but is considered "smarter." The derby graceful, but is considered "smarter." The derby hats differ about as much as the high ones. The English hatters are turning out a low crown derby, with little or no rim. The American hat has a full crown and a rolling brim. The imported hats cost one or two dollars more than the home-made ones and are much less agreeable to the eye. Still they may have their usual run among Anglomaniacs and Bostonians.

Shirts are as flamboyant in pattern and color this fall as ever. For ordinary wear all sorts of gorgeous gridirons and checkerboards are in favor. In dress shirts the plain bosom has largely given way to shirts the plain bosom has largely given way to ruffled and embroidered fronts. Some shirts are made now to button all the way down the front. The styles in collars are practically unchanged; and scarfs and nechtics are simply more brilliant in hue and more startling in combination than before. The twiceround scarf, the old-fashioned "stock," will be revived, it is said. It is to be hoped that the first man to experiment with it here will choke himself in tying the knot.

Patent leather shoes will not be worn much this winter except for evening dress. It is too cold for them, anyway, in the street.

colored shades. They have heavy stitching on the back.
Umbrella and cane handles are being made with massive gold and silver hand-pieces. It isn't safe to

trust the mark "Sterling" on most umbrella and cane For trousers, says a humorous expert, creases are still popular. The most popular crease of all, he ards, is that which appears involuntarily behind the knee.

NEW STYLES FOR WOMEN. BODICES AND DRAPERIES-RUSSIAN CLOAKS NEW JEWELRY.

There is still a conflict between French and English; tyles. French bodies are short and low in the darts, and generally draped in front, or finished with a vost or simulation of a vest. English bodiess, on the contrary, are long, the darts are pushed up as far-as the figure of the wearer will allow, and are much plainer than the French waist. French designers depend upon their prestige as the former dietators of fashion. Their fashions are more picturesque but less practical than the fashions of English tailors. English styles will continue to be adopted for general use by well-dressed women, and the short-waisted Empire gowns and Directoire dresses will be worn in the house and for the bound of ne house and for elaborate dress.

English and French designers agree on one point:

draperies are simple—indeed, some gowns dispense with all drapery and depend entirely on embroideries and embossed and applique trimmings for effect. A soft woollen house-gown in pale dull empire green is made with a straight skirt of wool laid over an undershirt of silk, which does not show, but merely serves to support the upper shirt. The front and side broadths of this dress are embroidered in gold-thread and white and pale clive green silks to these depth of one-third of the skirt, falling to the foot-of the supporting skirt in a deep fringe of gold and dull green. The straight draperies at the back aresurmounted by a short bouffant piece, which is attached to the jacket bodice. The fronts of the jacket are pointed and embroidered round the edge, and fall apart, showing a close-fitting vest of pleated cashmere. fastened by a pointed girdle of green velvet at the waist, and turned back in velvet revers over a narrow chemisette of white crane. chemisette of white crape. A gown of fine smooth-faced ladies' cloth, now in special demand, was shown recently at a large importing house, and will fundish a simple, graceful model for a gown to be worn in the house, for the street, or under the new long wraps, which require a simple dress beneath them. This gown was a dark shade of terra-cotta, the drapery reached to the bottom of the underskirt and cou-pletely concealed it, except in a narrow line on the left side where it was slashed to the waist, and held, together by passementeric loops of heavy cords. In this dress the line of the underskirt shown was paid robin-egg satin, in strong contrast to the dark red cloth which composed the gown. The bodice lapped diagonally acrosst the front, caught by loops of passementerie cord, and showed on one si vest of blue satin laid in fine pleats.

A stylish gown in that dark shade of gray known as "old silver" is made with a plain long skirt laid in single box pleats, separated by a wide space in front, and finished with full, straight draperies at the back. The short, square Russian jacket of cloth opens over a pointed vest, which fits which fits with an applique embroidery of gray velvet, laid on with beads of dark oxidized steel.

The most elegant gowns for church or reception wear will probably be made in some modifications of the Directoire styles. These dresses demand ele-gance of material and simplicity of style. The lines of drapery, when there are any, are from the waist in classic effect. Hanging scarfs and straight effects, which add to the height of the figure, are always aimed at in these garments. Full ruches of feathers in fluffy marabout-like bands are extensively used on Directoire gowns. The heavy mattalasse goods, velvets and heavy brocatelle effects in brocaded sisks are made up in Directoire styles, over skirts of cashmere, embroidered wool, or plain heavy silk velvet. A dark blue-green amure-royal silk. figured with a large black raised figure of pine cones in mattalasse effect is made in a straight Directoire polonaise, with large square pocket-flaps of black velvet at the sides. A band of feather trimming in black and green to match the dress trims the neck of the polonaise, the sleeve at the wrist, the bot-tom of the plain black velvet underskirt, and passes

up the side to the waist line.

Another polonaise of black velvet, from a famous Parisian dressmaker, is entirely plain at the back and on the sides and opens in front to display a skirt of white cloth, embroidered to the waist in cashmere colors and pattern and trimmed from the bottom with deep points of brown otter fur. This polonaise is turned back in square revers, which are faced with white cloth embroidered in colors and display a short pointed vest of white wool, similar y

embroidered.

Russian styles are noteworthy among the wraps and gowns sent over this season from Paris. There are many gowns made with jackets in the short square shape of the Russian jacket; and Russian cloaks with double fronts are extensively imported for elaborate carriage wear and for general use. long cloak in Russian shape is shown in a cloth figured in shades of steel blue, in a Moorish pattern of ornamented crescents. The under front of this cloak in this shape is composed of golden-brown plush and white cloth, and is a mass of glittering Turkish e. n-broidery in old Byzantine colors; the work resembling in effect the gay India embroideries of the Deccan-Another cloak of red mattalasse, brocaded with black velvet, is made with an under front of black velvet striped with wide flat gold gimps, like those seen in Turkish and Byzantine work; and the cloak is finished with heavy trimmings of black Russian bear.

Some of the most beautiful and comfortable wraps in this shape are of soft figured Vicuna wool, an exquisitely light, warm cloth that is manufactured neutral colors. Gray Vicuna cloaks are trimmed with gray velvet, steel embroideries, and curiv borders of Persian lamb.

A charming Russian evening gown for a young lady is of white lace and crimson velvet, and is made with an underskirt of creamy lace draped with crimson velvet caught in front with an ornament in Byzantine. enamel. The little square jacket of red velvet is embroidered with gold and opens over a lace under-

There are no great changes in jewelry this season. Flower pins, in small shapes, continue to be worn. The newest pins more closely approach the open prooch-shape worn by our grandmathers than any thing recently made. Single pansies, single daisies, small passion flowers and sweet peas are all popular, but the newest pins are little open circles and plaques of white or blue enamer, set with diamonds, turquoise or the beautiful Arizona garnets which show fire at or the beautiful Arizona garnets which show fire at night, all red as rubies, and have no touch of the purplish hue of old-time garnets. Little fancy pins called enfi-pins, but are often used in lare at the throat, long single pins, or several my jewelled bounce; pins are often chosen in place of a set broach. There are beautiful little jewelled butterfly brooches, which are fastened by a spring, and may be caught in the lace in the bonnet, or anywhere the wearer chooses. The smaller pins are so daintily made and so inexpensive that they are deservedly popular. Little bonnet-pins set with a moonstone and red garnet, or two green or two red garnets, are \$3.50 cach. Cuff-pins with turquoise or garnets are \$4 and \$5 cach, and when us, if in pairs are usually chosen different. Larger pins, flower brooches set with diamends are more coatiy, but hardly more beautiful than some of these dainty little pins.

Thanks are due to James McCreery & Co., E. J. Donning & Co., Arnold, Constable & Co. and Tiflany & Co.

From The Youth's Companion. From The Youth's Companion.

In 1850 General Sherman, then Lieutenant Shesman, was in Washington for a short time and learning that Webster was to make a speech in the Senate, was extremely arrons to hear him. On hastening to the Capitol, however, he found the galleries crowded, and seemed likely to lose the only opportunity he would ever have of listening to the famous orator. Finally he sent in his card to Senator Corwin, whom he had met on several occasions, and said to him when he appeared:

met on several occasions, and said to him was appeared;

"Mr. Corwin, I am very anxions to hear Mr. Webster speak to-day."

"Well, why don't you go into the gallery!"

I told him the galleries were already full and running over, and explained that I wanted him to take me on the floor of the Senate; that I had often seen persons there no better entitled to the privilege than I.

"Are you the foreign ambassador!" he asked "No."

"Are you the Governor of a State?"

"Are you the Governor of a State !"

"Are you the Governor of a State?"
"No."
"Are you a member of the other house?"
"Certainly not."
"Have you ever had a vote of thanks by name?"
"No."
"Well these are the only privileged persons."
I then told him he knew well enough who I was, and if he chose he could take me in.
"Have you any impudence?" he demanded. "Do you think you could become so interested in my conversation as not to notice the doorkeeper?"
I told him there wasn't the least doubt of it if he would tell me one of his funny stories. Upon that he took my arm and led me a turn in the vestibule, taiking about some indifferent matter, but all the time directing my looks to his left hand, toward which he was gesticulating with his right.
In this manner we approached the doorleeper, who began asking me, "Foreign ambassador! Governor of a State? Member of Congress!"
Hut I caucht Corwin's eye, which said plainly, "Don't mind him; pay attention to me," and in this way we entered the senate Chamber by a side door.
Once in, Corwin said: "Now you can take care of yourself," and I thanked him cordially. I found a seat close behind Mr. Webster and tear General Scatt, and heard the whole of the speech

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. I. R. SANFORD, Shelleld, Mass, 27%; "Me excellent in derangements of the nervous system, such headache and sleuplessness." Street gloves are made in fawn, tan and stone